**It's Edible!**

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# It's Edible!

by Angelic_Disaster

Summary


Will Graham –*successful True Crime Youtuber*– swore to himself to never show his face on the internet. Much less to make a collaborative video with another youtuber.

Then, Hannibal Lecter –*Intelligent, Very Handsome, Totally-Not-Interesting and Incredibly Popular Cooking Youtuber*– happened.

One video made the ship sail. *"Bromance"* turned into out-right flirting; And flirting became kissing, and kissing became dating, and with dating came making more videos together, and a new section on Hannibal's channel was born: Disaster Cooking with Will.

**Trope: Youtubers.**


Notes

Translation to **Russian | Русский** available on ficbook: Оно съедобно! by itz_anelkaaa. Спасибо.

Rate T+ for swearing and dick jokes, heavily implied sex, and too many innuendos.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will Graham –*successful True Crime Youtuber*– wouldn't hesitate to say he'd prefer to die than to do a face reveal. He swore to himself to never show his face on the internet. Much less to make a collaborative video with another youtuber.

But then, Alana Bloom –*Mental Health and Psychology Youtuber*– and her Charity for Suicidal Prevention happened. Between saying *'It's for a good cause!',* promises of pairing him with a youtuber that she *swore* over her mother's life that Will wouldn't totally hate out-right and would even be tolerable enough to make a video with, and promises of buying Winston a new chewing tow (how easy was to buy Will's acceptance, for fuck's sake) he ended up agreeing.

Then, Hannibal Lecter –*Intelligent, Very Handsome, Totally-Not-Interesting and Incredibly Popular Cooking Youtuber*– happened.

To Will's surprise, the man (apart from being astonishingly beautiful) was not terrible. So incredibly and surprisingly not terrible, that Will ended up staying for dinner after finishing wrapping the video, laughing, giving him his personal number, and to his own surprise, enjoying himself.

To Alana's surprise, he also ended up asking if she knew if Hannibal was *seeing someone.*

*("Yes Alana, I mean if he is seeing someone romantically – I don't want to presume but does he like men? – Yeah, yeah, thank you* ***so much*** *for matching us together, yes I owe you a beer, I know, yeah, whatever. – Now, can we focus on the important thing, does he like men? – Oh, fuck you.")*

To (only) Will's surprise, his and Hannibal's video was the most popular on the charity stream.

***Dinner with Crime; How does human flesh taste like? @Peculiar_Palate & @FBI'sMostWantedSearchHistory + face reveal.***

And of course, because it couldn't be any other way, the shipping started. Well, the thing that started first was the cannibal jokes, *then* the shipping. Will was (again) surprised that Hannibal's viewers were so on board to ship them (Hannibal –*handsome, refined, polite*– and Will –*grumpy, scruffy, rude)* together. But hey, he had a tiny crush on Hannibal, so, he honestly was very on board with the ship too. So on board that the number of fan-arts and collages Will had saved on his phone was becoming a little bit embarrassing.

The ship spent a couple of months until the fans finally decided on a ship name *(Murder Husbands, plus cannibal jokes on Twitter? Great way to honor Will's youtube channel name.)*

The shipping turned into a friendship, and the friendship developed into a bromance so incredibly quickly that it made Will dizzy. And by *bromance* we mean Hannibal referring to Will on social media and on his videos as his *internet husband;* also meaning, Hannibal insisting on inviting Will for dinner; also meaning Hannibal encouraging Will to stay the night in the guest room; meaning, Hannibal leaving comments on every single one of Will's videos; *meaning,* Hannibal constantly uploading pictures with Will on his social media, or uploading pictures of Will only *(honestly Will, get a clue);* meaning, Hannibal mentioning Will in his videos as many times as he could *("Tonight Will is coming for dinner so I'm cooking Butter-Basted Sirloin Steak[…]"* and *"By popular demand, today I'm teaching you how to make the tomato roses you saw on my Instagram last week. I made them for Will when he came for dinner and[...]"); **meaning,*** Will making an appearance at the end of some videos, roasting Hannibal's cooking for laughs (and to see that cute little pout on his plush, kissable lips).

*(Will, please, the whole internet is waiting for you to get a fucking clue.)*

But Hannibal wasn't the only one being so stupidly head-over-heels or trying to talk about his crush at any opportunity he had. Will, on his part, who prided himself for so long on *never* showing his face on camera, suddenly started to appear in his own videos.

Between grotesque images or detailed maps or suspect's pictures, Will suddenly appeared in black and white, with an added echo as he answered Hannibal's phone calls, and then returning to narrate exactly where he left, in the exact same narrator's tone. He would also make a pause to thank Hannibal in every video for his input and address the bits on theories that were his ideas. He also added a special thanks among his patreons' at the end of the videos especially for Hannibal, mentioning him as a *catering service.*

Everybody was having fun; Will, Hannibal, and their fans. And Will giggled (even if he would die before admitting it out loud) reading the comments and the tweets, and saving fan-arts and watching video compilations of them. *('Will & Hannibal Cutest Moments.'* and *'Hannibal being totally head-over-heels-crazy-in-love with Will for 15 minutes not-so-straight.'* and *'Will being a gay disaster with background Wii music for 9 minutes and 53 seconds.')*

And somehow, (and we say *somehow* because poor Will didn't have a clue of how the fuck did it happen) *"bromance"* (with more quotation marks than we can fit in a text) turned to out-right flirting; and out-right flirting turned into dating during another of Alana's charity streams where she convinced both of them to participate, and *Dante's Palate* promised to donate what was left of their goal if Hannibal and Will kissed.

(How strange, that the message came just at the same time as Hannibal checked his phone. Life was just full of curious coincidences.)

"I mean, is just a kiss," Will had said with a shrug, eyeing Hannibal at his side.

"And it's for a very good cause," Hannibal agreed.

Neither of them had to move too much since they were already sitting next to each other on the same sofa, drinks in hand playing *'Never Have I Ever'* with Hannibal's arm over Will's

shoulders and Will's back pressed against Hannibal's chest.

Will barely remembered Alana shouting *"Keep it PG-13 or go get a room, boys!"* but he was sure it happened because he watched the 13-second video and the countless gifs of it for the whole day after that. And the day after, and the day after that and–

And kissing became dating, and with dating came making more videos together, and a new section on Hannibal's channel was born after Will found old cooking books in a garage sale.

It started with a dirty joke, because, why not. Will tweeting at Hannibal *"Hey @Peculiar_Palate for Valentine's day I want a creampie"* with a picture of a recipe called *"Valentine's Cherry Cream Pie."*

People laughed, Will watched Hannibal choke with his coffee from the other side of the room, and it became a tradition to make a recipe from the Great Depression Cook Book once a month and upload it as a short video.

**Valentine's Cream Pie, from 1959:**

Shot of Hannibal wearing an apron, sleeves drawn, kneading a dough. Will looks at him sitting on a stool on the clean side of the counter where he can't steal the cherries but still has a good look at Hannibal's forearms.

Hannibal looks directly at the camera, gesturing to the dough. "Now, for the pan, we want a 9-inch."

At his side, because he is a terror, Will adds: "Don't we all?"

Unperturbed, Hannibal continues, placing the dough inside the pan.

"Now, putting the pastry is a delicate process, be gentle, don't force it," he says, because he is also a terror, and Will snorts.

*Cut.* Hannibal is holding a fork now while gesturing to the pastry perfectly put onto the pan. "Now, to edge or not to edge it's up to you," he says with a comically nonchalant expression. Then he looks at Will and drops the bomb. "Some people are not that patient."

Will snort, knocking off the flour from the counter, and Hannibal makes an attempt for a suffering sigh.

"Forgive me while I clean the mess Will made."

Will laughs again. The video cuts just in time to hear Will shout *"just like last night!"*

The video resumes with Hannibal taking the pie crust from the oven.

“This finished a bit early, but if it happens to you don’t worry, it happens to the best of us, especially if the oven is too hot.”

In the back, Will drops his head trying to hide his blush (later, the viewers screenshot it and add a fake anime blush and small hearts over his head). The video cuts again.

“Now, in a pot, mix a cup of sugar, 2 eggs, a ¼ of cherry juice, and two cups of water, bring it to boil, and stir.”

The video cuts again, and it resumes with Will stirring the mixture, Hannibal behind him, his chin resting on Will’s shoulder, one hand resting on Will’s lower abdomen. They’re too close for Youtube Guidelines. With the other hand, Hannibal is guiding Will’s movements.

“Stir constantly, Will, move your hand like that, not too fast, we don’t want splashes.”

(Viewers screenshot it too, and paste their faces on the pottery scene of the movie Ghost.)

*Cut.* The video resumes with Hannibal passing Will a bowl of whipped cream and a cup of cherries.

“Now you get to top,” Hannibal says with a smirk.

“NO WAY!” Will shouts with mocking offense. “I topped last night! It’s *your* turn!”

*Cut.* We see Hannibal covering his face with a hand, laughing. We don’t see Will, but we hear his voice in off as he follows Hannibal with the camera.

“Hannibal! I was promised a cream pie! I want my cream pie!”

*Cut.*

Hannibal is alone and wearing different clothes. It’s morning now instead of late afternoon. He has a sizeable bitemark on his neck. He looks straight into the camera while holding whipped cream and cherries when he says, “now, we get to top.”

*Cut.*

The camera doesn’t shake, even though we know is being held in hand. Will appears in the shot, sitting on a bed, curls sticking in all directions and one eye closed. He is wearing a T-Shirt one size too large as he eats a piece of Cherry Cream Pie.

“What’s the verdict, my love?” Hannibal asks.

Will grins.

“Best Cream Pie of my life.”

Hannibal’s Youtube channel gets one strike after that.

**Candle Salad:**

Black and white shot of Will facing the camera, but looking past it.

"I'm shit at cooking."

We hear Hannibal's voice in off. "Don't worry darling, this recipe is easy, and it doesn't need baking. I'm sure you can manage."

*Cut.* Shot in color of Will facing the camera, but not looking straight at it.

"Candle Salad, from 1955, for the lonely and depressed who can't bake," he says. Behind the camera, Hannibal laughs.

*Cut.*

"We start with a piece of lettuce," Hannibal guides him from behind the camera. "Wash it thoughtfully, lettuce is like parents." Will looks at him from the sink, seemingly uncomprehending the meaning. Hannibal adds: "Dirtier than you think."

Will starts laughing. *Cut.*

Shot of Will, smiling, putting a piece of lettuce on a plate, muttering *"so far so good,"* to himself.

*Cut.*

Shot of Will struggling to skin a pineapple. He is talking but his words are covered by *beeps.*

*Cut.*

The pineapple is skinned. Will looks at the camera.

"Now that we skinned our victim, we proceed to decapitate it," Will says with the same intonation of his videos, while he chops a piece. From color, it turns to black and white again. "Can we really upload this to youtube?" He asks with a chuckle.

We don't see Hannibal, but we assume he shrugs as he says: "One strike more, one strike less, it's all the same."

Will rolls his eyes at the same time the color comes back. He starts cutting a circle in the middle of the pineapple while grunting. "God forbid you use canned pineapple."

Cut to a shot of Hannibal's face, looking deeply disturbed.

"Will peeled a banana," he says, and holds a banana peel to the camera. It's peeled in a spiral instead of following the lines as a sane person would do. "I'm dating a psychopath."

Cut to Will laughing hysterically, trying to place the banana in the center of the pineapple slice.

The camera zooms on the banana, while Will keeps laughing as he turns red. We see half his face as he rests his forehead over the counter.

Hannibal, still from behind the camera, says: "Now insert–"

"INSERT WHAT?"

Another shot of Will laughing, eyes closed, leaning into the counter, trying to stick a toothpick into the tip of the banana. A cherry impaled on the other end.

When he finally manages, Hannibal appears at his side with a can of whipped cream.

*Cut.*

The camera focuses on Will, laying on the floor, still laughing.

*Cut.*

Will is still red in the face, and chuckling. Hannibal is at his right. They're both staring at the salad.

"So," Will says. "Should I tie my hair or…?"

**Chocolate Cake, from 1956:**

Shot of Hannibal hiding his face in his hands, sitting on the stool against the counter, elbows resting on it. He is blaming the day he decided to become a youtuber.

"Come on, babe, this was the most requested recipe," Will's voice comes from behind the camera.

We can't see Hannibal's eyes, but he is glaring in the direction of the camera. We're lucky that looks can't kill.

*Cut.*

Hannibal looks utterly devastated as he puts the ingredients in a bowl.

"Flour, sugar, chocolate," he sighs. "And a full cup of mayonnaise."

Hannibal glares at the cup for a couple of seconds, regarding it with clear distaste.

"1956 do you say?" He asks Will. "A little late for war crimes, don't you think?"

Will laughs, moves through the kitchen, and gives Hannibal a cup of water. "Add it," he says.

Hannibal's brain takes a second to process the direction. Then another to make sure it's real. Then he takes one and half seconds to suffer. He grabs the cookbook from the counter, reads. Then reads it again to make sure it’s real.

He keeps suffering, but he pours the water into the bowl.

"You can't dilute a war crime, Will."

*Cut.*

"Now bake to your liking," Will appears on camera, hugging Hannibal from behind as the other man pours the mix into a pan.

"My dear, none of this is to my liking."

The video cuts to a shot of Hannibal. He is still suffering.

"We'll prepare the frosting while we wait for the cake to finish baking. We'll use sugar, chocolate, coconut, margarine," he sighs, taking a look at Will who puts a supportive hand on his shoulder. "More mayonnaise."

*Cut.*

The camera zooms onto the cake. Then onto Hannibal's face. He seems closer to having a meltdown the more time passes and he doesn't wake up from this nightmare.

"Come on, it's time for decorating," Will tries.

"Will, you can't decorate a tumor."

Will laughs, and Hannibal's expression softens when he looks at him.

*Cut.*

The cake is finished. Hannibal and Will lean together on the counter observing the recently served piece of cake. In a show of bravery, Will takes the fork and takes a bite.

His expression turns to surprise.

"This is good," he says, covering his mouth, less for common decency and more because Hannibal hates when he leaves crumbles on the floor.

"I suppose it's better than eating your offspring," Hannibal deadpans.

"No. Listen, it's good," Will insists, taking another piece and offering it to Hannibal.

It's only because he is offering to hand feed him that Hannibal accepts, leaning to take the bite.

Hannibal's expression turns from disgust to surprise, then to concern, then to mild outrage, then to confusion as he keeps staring at the cake.

**Bean Pie:**

"Good night," Hannibal says to a bowl of beans with water, covering it with a towel. He is dressed only in pajama bottoms and a red sweater. On the top right corner of the image, there is a text that reads Tuesday 10 P.M.

*Cut.*

"Good morning," Hannibal says to the beans, wearing pajama pants and a robe.

Will's dressed in a baggy T-shirt the same color as Hannibal's pajama pants. He is leaning on the counter drinking coffee, still half asleep. The counter obscures the camera and we cannot tell if Will is wearing pants or if he is only in boxers. (Judging by the way Hannibal keeps glancing at his ass from the other side of the kitchen we can safely assume it's the latter.)

The text on the top right corner reads Wednesday 10:12 A.M. as Hannibal pours the beans into the blender.

The kitchen turns silent after four seconds, and they both stare at the deceased blender as Hannibal tries to turn it on again without success.

"Will, your beans murdered my blender."

"AH! So when you tuck them to sleep they're *your* beans. But when they break your blender they're *my* beans?" Will says, resting his hands on his hips like an angry housewife. "What's next? The bean teacher calls to tell us our beans succeeded in bean biology class and they're *your* beans, but if they get into a bean fight they're *mine?* Fuck you."

Will storms out of the kitchen biting his cheek not to laugh, while Hannibal is still holding the blender in confusion.

Will changes his Twitter bio to: *True Crime Youtuber and proud single father of 1 dog and 2763 beans.*

**Potato Candy:**

Hannibal is staring at the cookbook with an expression that is not completely concerned but a little bit confused, meanwhile, he is peeling one single potato.

"This recipe has only 3 ingredients so I'm a bit preoccupied," he says.

In the back, we can see Will juggling 3 potatoes skillfully.

*Cut.*

Will's juggling has come to a stop as he mashes the boiled potato. At his side, Hannibal prepares one cup of powdered sugar to mix with it.

"So, to the mashed potato we add 8 to 10 cups of powder sug–" he stops and grabs the book. Will stands on the tip of his feet behind him to read too. "Cups? Is that a typo? 8 is the absolute lowest?"

"Do we need to run to the store?"

Cut to Hannibal and Will shopping. Will zooms the camera into their basket to show the 3 packages of powdered sugar.

*Cut.*

Shot of Hannibal holding a bowl of liquid potato with sugar.

*Cut.*

Hannibal opens another package of powdered sugar. Will makes a suspiciously long zoom on Hannibal's hands. The viewers thank him.

*Cut.*

"Now that we have a working dough we are going to roll it out," Hannibal says.

*Cut.*

Hannibal stares at the cookbook, holding a jar of peanut butter. The dough is spread on the counter. He stares at Will as he points at the potato dough.

"You *really* want to eat *this?"*

*Cut.*

"Holy shit," Will says.

The candy is a success. Or at least it is for Will. Hannibal has to physically stop him from eating a third roll.

**Angel Cake:**

This is not a part of the Great Depression Cookbook, but one of Hannibal's normal videos. It's an important addition nonetheless.

"If I have to beat anything else I'll be charged with domestic violence," he says as he beats 8 egg yolks.

Will looks straight into the camera like in the popular show that for copyright reasons we can't say its name. You know the one.

"Well, there go my plans for the night," he sighs tragically.

*Cut.*

**7-Up Jello Salad from 1963:**

This doesn't show in the video, but Hannibal is peacefully drawing on his desk, unknowingly that this is the last time he will feel peace.

"HANNIBAL!" Will roars as he enters his boyfriend's house. There is a clamor of paper bags and keys and Will taking off his shoes without using his hands. "YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOUR VIEWERS CHOSE FOR YOU TO COOK, THOSE LITTLE SHITS," he laughs.

Hannibal doesn't have a camera to look at, but he is internally reconsidering if that dick is really worth this.

(It's a solid 8, to be honest. And that ass is an exceptional 10, and that head is a 14. So, overall is a solid 32/10.)

Hannibal stares at the bags sitting on his kitchen counter as if they're full of radioactive materials. As far as he knows, they could be, since Will needed to buy ingredients that Hannibal wouldn't have in his kitchen.

Will's grin is made of pure evil, and Hannibal fears for the worst.

The video starts with Will holding the cookbook away from Hannibal's prying eyes. The radioactive materials are still inside the bags.

Will picks up cream cheese from one of the bags and hands it to Hannibal.

"Put it in a bowl," Will tells him.

"So far doesn't look so bad," Hannibal muses.

"Just you wait," Will adds with a wink.

*Cut.*

Will picks up a jar of mayonnaise.

"One cup," he says. Hannibal already looks on the verge of a breakdown.

Will covers his own grin with the book and hands him a packet of lemon Jello. Hannibal looks at it, then at the bowl with cream cheese and *mayonnaise,* and thinks *'this can't get worse.'*

Little does he know, it *will* get worse.

Will manages to retrieve a bottle of 7Up without breaking into a fit of laughter when Hannibal looks at it in horror.

(Focus on that ass, Hannibal. Remember why you paid 4000 U$D for a kiss.)

"We have…" Hannibal begins with a deep inhale. "Carbonated mayonnaise gelatin. Every single turn to this personal hell you created has been to the left, what else do you have in those bags?"

Will takes a look at the recipe and then proceeds to retrieve a pineapple can and a cherry can from the bags.

Hannibal doesn't say out loud *'it could be worse'* because it feels like jinxing it. But he thinks about it, even as he eyes the cans warily.

Will hears it. He grins, and it's a thing of pure, unrepentant evil. Jinxed.

Will passes Hannibal a bag of marshmallows.

*Cut.*

The camera focuses on Hannibal. He is sitting on the floor, back against the wall, his gaze lost somewhere in space.

Will's voice comes from behind the camera.

"Are you ok there, love?" He asks softly, the same tone he used to talk to Winston and brought him into his car.

Hannibal doesn't look at him. He breathes loudly, and says. "I just need a moment."

The camera changes suddenly, focusing on Will's face from below. We can appreciate a green bugger inside of his nose. (Hannibal leaves it in the video out of pettiness.)

"Guys, I think I broke him," he whispers.

*Pause.*

Will uploads the picture of Hannibal against the wall to his Twitter account, writing: *This recipe has mayo and 7-Up on it.* And no other context whatsoever.

The picture becomes a meme extremely fast. *'Me dissociating,'* is one of the most recurrent bottom texts. *'Sorry for not answering, I was baking mayonnaise cake'* is Will's personal favorite.

Beverly answers to his tweet with: *Bro, wear some kneepads tonight when you grovel for forgiveness.*

Alana sends him a text not even 4 minutes after; *Is he okay????*

Will answers her with: *Nope.*

(Will follows Beverly's advice, in a way. He opens google and searches for *'10 ways to drive him crazy in bed. '* God bless Cosmo.)

(He is mourning his knees though.)

*Play.*

Hannibal is looking at the radioactive mix of barely edible things that become less edible the more he mixes them together.

Will slides apologetically a can of whipped cream down the counter.

Hannibal doesn't even blink, and he empties it into the mix as he keeps folding it together. Will wonders if he is dissociating. By the way Hannibal keeps mixing it with barely contained fury, Will assumes he is just trying not to break up with him.

"Careful," Will mutters, half amused, one quarter worried, and another quarter giddy on the power trip that is having Hannibal Lecter mixing mayonnaise, Jello, canned fruits, 7-Up, whipped cream, and marshmallows in a bowl just to make him happy.

"Why Will? I'm ruining your disaster?" Hannibal snaps, and for a moment Will thinks Hannibal may bite a chunk of him if he moves too close, too fast. So, that's exactly what Will does, stealing a peck from Hannibal's lips.

The corners of Hannibal's mouth twitch upwards, and he finishes mixing the ingredients together.

"Should we add maybe more mayonnaise to it?" Will suggests, circling Hannibal's waist with his arms in a loose hug.

"This doesn't need more mayonnaise Will, this needs help."

*Cut.*

The gelatin wiggles when Will moves the plate. It's uncomfortably white, with a sheen of green that makes it look cartoonishly radioactive. The pieces of chopped pineapple and cherries make it look artificial. Like something that would come in a cheap replica of a Lego set called Leggo.

Hannibal watches in horror when Will takes a bite – after he stops making the radioactive leggo set dance.

"It's… not bad?" Will adventures himself to say. He frowns, takes another bite because self preservation has never been his forte. "It doesn't taste good either. It tastes like an identity crisis with sugar."

Hannibal stops him when Will tries to get another bite, and sends him to brush his teeth if he wants to ever be kissed again.

When Will comes back the radioactive gelatin is nowhere to be found.

**Christmas Crack:**

Hannibal is wearing a soft sweater. So soft that not even the professional camera sitting on the counter makes justice to it. He is also wearing reindeer antlers. And his sweater has brown reindeers embroidered on it.

There is a mistletoe hanging over his head, in the middle of the shot, in the middle of the kitchen, in the middle of where he is working. How curious. We wonder why he has chosen such a peculiar spot to hang a mistletoe.

Will is in the back, wearing a Santa's hat and a sweater so ugly that we don't want to describe it.

Will moves to the right side of the kitchen to grab a glass of water, kissing Hannibal's cheek in the process.

"In the spirit of the holidays we are making *Christmas Crack,"* Hannibal explains to the camera. Will, already bored of his untouched glass of water, comes back to his spot behind Hannibal, kissing his other cheek. "Its name comes from the crackers that we use as the principal ingredient."

"That's disappointing," Will pouts.

**Twitter User #1** asks: *@Peculiar_Palate and @GrumpyNotFBI what do you think the other's worst flaw is?*

**Hannibal**

***@Peculiar_Palate*** answers: *None. Will is the most beautiful creature that I've ever encountered. He is perfect in every way.*

**Will**

***@GrumpyNotFBI*** answers: *He is fucking annoying.*

**Eggnog, from 1895:**

The mistletoe hangs from the exact same spot as the last video. Will is wearing Hannibal's soft reindeer sweater. The whereabouts of his ugly sweater are a mystery. We do hope it has been set on fire. Maybe it fell on the fireplace by accident. Maybe Hannibal pulled it out from Will and threw it into the fire. By accident.

Hopefully.

(The quality was shitty so maybe it didn't even catch fire correctly. But the important thing is that Hannibal tried.)

Hannibal is wearing an apron over another sweater, this one plain and beige.

"This recipe is brought to you by the hand of what I can only describe as a male escort infant," he says, bringing the cookbook close to the camera lens. After a second the camera

focuses on the picture of what you could imagine a male escort infant look like.

Will is sitting on the empty spot of the counter, just under the mistletoe, holding the cookbook.

"Pour two cups of milk, sugar and the yolks of 5 eggs into a…"

"Does it say how much sugar?" Hannibal interrupts.

"Nope, just sugar."

"Then we'll go with a full cup of sugar for your sweet tooth," he says, rubbing the tip of his nose with Will's.

"So, milk, eggs, sugar, pour that into…" Will frowns. "Into a cauldron?! Who wrote this recipe? Sabrina the witch?"

Hannibal perks up, and leaves the frame excited, kissing Will's forehead only because Will grabbed him by the wrists before he escaped without giving him the proper kiss he deserved by mistletoe's law.

*Cut.*

Hannibal returns holding victoriously a real, copper cauldron.

"You're batshit insane, you know that?" Will deadpans, but accepts Hannibal's kiss on his cheek, because it's mistletoe's law. "Since when are you a witch? Did you ever brew a potion on this?"

"Yes, I gave you a love potion the first time you came to my house to make the human flesh video," Hannibal tells him.

Will slaps his own forehead comically, like one who has just had a revelation.

"Now it makes sense! I knew I wasn't insane enough to date a guy who has a cauldron."

Hannibal chuckles, accepting the peck on his cheek when he passes at Will's side reaching for a towel he doesn't need.

*Cut.*

Hannibal serves Will homemade eggnog from a copper cauldron using a copper ladle in a glass mug that looks like something Thor would drink from.

And it's honestly a good comparison since not even ambrosia could taste as good as Hannibal's cauldron homemade eggnog.

"Hot damn," Will gasps, licking the white foam from his lips. "This is the best thing that I put in my mouth."

"I don't know if I should take it as a compliment or as an insult," Hannibal fakes offence, but his chest fills with pride from making something that Will enjoys. He licks the rest of the foam from Will's lips with a chaste kiss.

"You're good too I guess," Will grins.

*Cut.*

The next kisses aren't shown on camera.

**Chicken Soup:**

The video is uploaded not even 20 hours after the eggnog's video.

Hannibal stands dressed with a new sweater, this one purple. Sadly, the mistletoe is not hanging over the kitchen counter.

"Today I'm going to teach you my recipe of Silkie Chicken Soup, in case you ever need to nurse your boyfriend back to health after he drank a full cauldron of eggnog."

***@GrumpyNotFBI*** comments: *Worth it.*

End Notes

You may be wondering, who the fuck peels a banana in a spiral? Well. My friend does. It makes no sense, but when we love someone we ignore the banana-shaped flags.

This is heavily inspired by Dylan Hollis' Cooking Videos he is HILARIOUS. And the recipes are so chaotic. Worth to give them a look, especially if you want to see the picture of the male escort infant (Peanut Pie).

If you're interested in more Hannigram (+others) content or reading my original work, check my link three and take a look at my coffee where I always upload extra content for free! ☕
LinkTree

Thank you for reading. Lots of love, Angel ♡

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